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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

EACH man finds his highest spiritual development, not by working out his own salvation alone and for himself, but by losing the thought of self in the thought of others.

This is the Christian life; this is the faith by which men are saved.

President Hadley of Yale.

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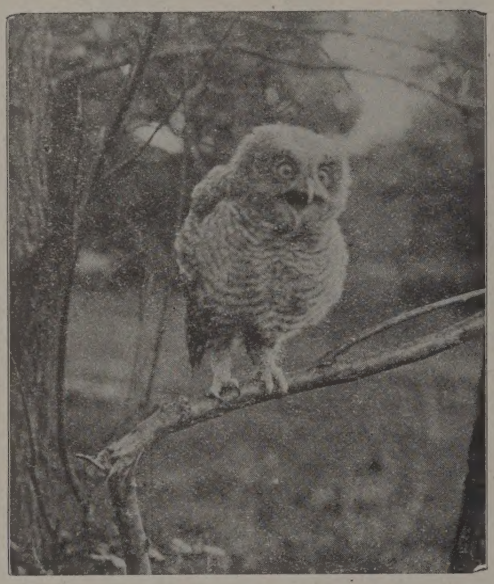
BIRD LECTURES

Illustrated by Stereopticon.

By Rett E. Olmstead.



Dixon, Illinois, March 28, 1905.

Mr. Rett E. Olmstead recently delivered to the schools of Dixon two stereopticon lectures upon "Our Native Birds"—one in the afternoon to the lower grades, and one at night to the upper grades and the High School, as well as to adults of the city. The views shown were fine pictures of his own taking, and the lecture thoroughly sympathetic. The young hearer who catches Mr. Olmstead's spirit does not thereafter simply *know* more about birds; he *cares* more about them; and if he hunts them still it is more likely to be with the *camera* than the *gun*. Mr. Olmstead also kindly conducted our teachers on a "bird walk" through a wooded tract near the city, showing them how they might, in time, interest their pupils in the pleasant work of identifying our little friends of the air. Schools, Sunday-schools, Teachers' Institutes—any of them—could scarcely spend an hour more profitably or pleasantly than in listening to Mr. Olmstead.

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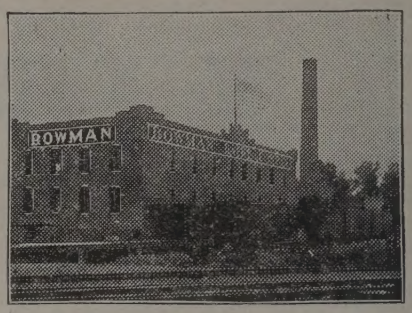

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVII | THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1906 | NUMBER 4

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive, unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

—Emerson.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court on the Chicago Street Railway franchises has cleared the air immeasurably and the solution of traction affairs seems nearer at hand. Whether municipal ownership is voted at the coming election or not, the fact that the street car companies have no continuing rights in the down town streets will inevitably result in a better service. If it is decided that municipal ownership is not wise at present, then a short term franchise will be granted that will secure reasonable service as to schedule, transfers, equipment, etc.; and if the people vote in favor of public ownership again this spring, as very many believe is probable, something of credit to the city will undoubtedly result. In either event we believe progress is being made and that improvement is as sure to come as it is slow of realization.

The doors of the UNITY sanctum swing easily open to every man with a sincere message. We have given generous space to the reviews of Prof. Foster's last book and to the action of the Chicago Baptist Ministerial Association. We were glad to publish the "Protest" of the ministers who refused to vote for the motion condemning Prof. Foster, and now, in the interest of fair play and that our readers may hear both sides, we print in another column the somewhat lengthy protest signed by Dr. DeBlois and others. Very many of our exchanges feel obliged to differ with Prof. Foster and there seems no reason to doubt that his views are too extreme for general acceptance at present. But the remedy must remain not in a heresy trial or a sweeping condemnation of the book and its author, but in a scholarly and rational discussion that will either accept or prove untenable the arguments Dr. Foster has very carefully produced.

We are inclined to think it true that the rights of citizenship do not include the right of suffrage. We believe it was a great mistake to give the colored race, just released from the shackles of slavery, the full right of suffrage,—or rather we believe that it was almost a crime to thrust upon those ignorant and untrained men duties and responsibilities which have proved too great for many of the best educated men which generations of culture have produced. It might be difficult to decide on qualifications for suffrage, but it ought not to be difficult to see that in a democracy there must be some limitation of the franchise. Our very faith in democracy should demand that no longer tramps, paupers and criminals should exercise the full power of suffrage while the most intelligent, refined and virtuous, as well as wealthy, women patriots of our nation are denied any direct voice in legislation. What a commentary it is on our constitution which is supposed to represent liberty and justice that "all male citizens," including paupers, criminals and anarchists, are given the full right of suffrage while such women as Julia Ward Howe, Frances E. Willard and Susan B. Anthony are refused all voice in the political affairs of the nation!

The death of Susan B. Anthony, which our Watchman chronicles elsewhere, removes a potent and inspiring figure from American public life. For more than half a century this name has been a recognized bulwark defending human weakness and liberty against injustice and wrong. Through many years she worked with untiring zeal and great efficiency for the freedom of the black race, and after that was accomplished gave herself more completely to earnest agitation and endeavor in behalf of the legal and political rights of women. It is perhaps more largely to the credit of Susan B. Anthony than to any other one individual that woman has long enjoyed equal property rights with man—in some respects superior rights to man—and that as a citizen and a property holder, her right to have some voice in legislation and taxation has come to be more clearly recognized. Equal suffrage is not yet an accomplished fact, but its champion has wrought with strength and wisdom and has left a rich heritage not only to her associates but to this great country she so deeply loved. In the years that are coming, on the heights to which future generations shall climb, there will shine in a clearer and truer lustre the name of the gentlewoman and patriot, Susan B. Anthony.

One of the unique figures in the reformatory agencies of the nation was that of Rev. S. H. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission, New York City, whose recent death has brought sorrow to a great host of reformed drunkards and reclaimed outcasts, to whom

he was a friend and a helper of holiest ministry. The story of the conversion of Sam Hadley and of the establishment of the Jerry McCauley Mission reads like some fiction of Jules Verne, but in this instance it is surely true that "fact is stranger than fiction." We find in the last issue of the *Christian Register* a very sympathetic and appreciative editorial on this work "for the salvation of those we are pleased to think of as the lost, hopeless, degraded, criminal classes." We commend to our Unitarian brethren, who sometimes speak lightly of a "Saviour" and the "salvation" of men, this work actually accomplished in the Water Street Mission under the shadow of the Brooklyn bridge. Sam Hadley's door was always open to every wayfarer, and whether it was his own brother who came, as was once the case, or an utter stranger from some unknown land, even the most degraded man found a friend in need, a place, as he said, "where the drunkard was more welcome than a sober man, a thief more welcome than an honest man, and a poor lost girl more welcome than a beautiful pure woman." Those of us who have heard him speak, have seen the glow of love and sympathy in his strong, tender face, do not find it hard to believe that he followed in the footsteps of another Saviour who came "not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." Sam Hadley was a real saviour of men, and his life and work, and the sorrow and love and tenderness he has left behind him, demonstrate anew the blessedness of the missionary in any sphere, who lives "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

One of the exchanges we always open with interest, both for its attractive external appearance and for its sane and rational view of the world's affairs, is the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. In the last issue we find a reprint of the confession of Princess Ena, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and the added comment on the price the Princess has seemingly been willing to pay for the title of Queen of Spain:

The formal abjuration of Protestantism of Princess Ena took place at San Sebastian, Spain, March 7. The abjuration was as follows:

I, Ena, having before me the holy gospels, which I touch with my hand, and knowing that no one can be saved without that faith which the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church holds, believes, and teaches, against which I grieve that I have greatly erred, inasmuch as I have held and believed doctrines opposed to her teaching, I now, with sorrow and contrition for my past errors, profess that I believe the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church to be the only and true church established on earth by Jesus Christ, to which I submit myself with my whole soul. I believe all the articles of faith she proposes to my belief and I reject and condemn all that she rejects and condemns, and I am ready to observe all that she commands me.

Then followed profession of faith in the specific dogma of the Roman Catholic Church. It concludes with the following:

I believe in everything else that has been defined by the sacred canons and by the general councils, and particularly by the Council of Trent, and delivered, defined, and declared by the Council of the Vatican, especially concerning the primacy of the Roman pontiff and his infallible teaching and authority. With a sincere heart, therefore, and with unfeigned faith, I detest and abjure every error, heresy, and sect opposed to the said Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church. So help me God and these his holy gospels, which I touch with my hand.

What can the King of England and other members of the royal family of England, all of whom are Protestants, think of the declaration made by one of their number that "no one can be saved without that faith which the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church holds, believes, and teaches" and that the princess "detests" every sect, which necessarily includes the Anglican Church? The absurdity and insincerity of a state church were never more strikingly illustrated than in this instance. Conversion as to one's religious faith on account of personal conviction is praiseworthy, even though it be erroneous; but conversion for reasons of state is sacrilege. In this instance the Princess Ena is not at fault, but the Spanish government, which requires such a sacrifice of their prospective queen. They might well have learned a lesson from the United States, where the head of the state and his wife are permitted to follow their personal convictions. Doubtless few persons know that President Roosevelt and his wife belong to different religious communions, and few would care if they did know. The required conversion of Princess Ena is a relic of the days when the church dominated the state, to the great injury of both church and state.

Chicago's Multi-Millionaires

The last Sunday issue of the *Chicago Tribune* contains a florid display of twenty-two Chicago multi-millionaires, "whose names everybody kows, but about whom nothing is known." It will not be the *Tribune's* fault if hereafter something is not known of these multi-millionaires, for not only are their faces clearly portrayed in a framework of dollar-marks, done in red, but the story of each is graphically and sympathetically told in the accompanying letter-text. A careful study of this exhibit leaves certain very definite impressions upon the mind, among which are the following:

1. Most of Chicago's multi-millionaires are hard workers; some of them voluntary slaves to an exacting routine. To this rule, though, there are striking exceptions even in these twenty-two.

2. That most of these millionaires have been or are engaged in "legitimate business"; as the *Tribune* well says: "They have developed the resources of the city, building up great commercial houses or factories. Their fortunes come from meat, iron, groceries, wheat and corn, and not from watered stock." But even this short list offers striking exception to this claim. If the letter-text is to be trusted, many of this group who laid the foundation of their wealth on these legitimate lines, have expanded their fortunes mostly by unspeakable excursions into the unmentionable territory where "plungers," "speculators" and "financial adventures" do revel.

3. Our reporter has evidently made an honest attempt to discover the "fads" of these millionaires. Not one of these Chicago capitalists is addicted to the "yacht habit." Probably the inland location accounts for this. Most of them love a good horse; a few are addicted to pearls and are collectors of art works and books. But one wonders what these millionaires could have done with their money if golf and automobiles had not fortunately come into vogue about the time

big fortunes came. We will not undertake to say which is cause and which is effect.

4. While our reporter has taken great pains in this write-up to give "even the devil his dues," and has set forth their "good nature" and "generosity" and their "public spirit"—all of which is justified, doubtless, by certain facts, which when adequately collated, seem impressive, still to the man at the proper distance, who can take in the just perspective, it becomes painfully evident that the "generosities" of most of these men are insignificant incidents in their lives. Much of it, perhaps, more or less compulsory concessions to what they are wont to describe, when approached by the fund-gatherers (as present writer has reason to know) as "everlasting begging!" "the tiresome assaults upon their generosity!" the astounding amount of "demands" made upon them—all of which they are apt to recount with the intonation of those who have "tales of woe" to tell. Their memory of things they have done is preternaturally acute; and their lists of applications seem to wound their hearts and to disturb their dreams.

It is unsafe, it may be unwise, thus to speak of our friends and neighbors, but, candidly, you gentlemen of the Dollar Mark ($), how do your investments made for the development of human nature compare with your contributions to the development of horse nature, for instance? How do your standing expenses for church and school, for instance, compare with your habitual outgo in the interest of automobiles and golf fields?

The *Tribune* reporter tells of palatial stables, costing two hundred thousand dollars ($200,000); of single horses for fifty thousand dollars ($50,000); of vast sums paid for collections of pearls and pictures. While the largest single sum we have noticed in this report given to educational and art institutes by one man is four hundred thousand dollars ($400,000). There are suggestions of library and other public utility benefactions, reaching from one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($150,000) downward. All of this compels the next reflection.

5. That the making of millions either precludes, for want of time, or incapacitates by the neglect or the abortion of the necessary faculties, the adequate appreciation of the non-tanglible wealths and needs and obligations of Society. There is here a manifest failure to appreciate the unearned incremate in the most legitimate of fortunes in these days of the compacted life of communities. Our *Tribune* writer very naively admits in the beginning of his article that the Chicago fortunes have mainly come "from the utilization of the geographic advantage of Chicago and by *seizing* the opportunities presented in the amazing growth of the city." (The italics are our own.) Upon the word *"seizing"* hangs the Law and the Prophets; and on the phrase "utilization of geographical advantages" pivots the gospel. These men did not make geography. They did not create the Mississippi Valley and people it with energies and the aspirations of European civilization. And, not always by benignant methods, have they "seized" this "opportunity." Surely this "seizure" carries with it moral obligations, imposes a fair-play tax and commits them to corporate co-operation and obligations, which are but poorly borne out by their biographies, however favorably told.

6. Not in the spirit of defiant anarchism, nor yet of a crass socialism which would revolutionize law and reconstruct society, but according to the plain demands of honest bookkeeping, the fair dividends of labor and the profits accruing thereto—simply according to the "honest accounting" and "square dealing" which they themselves demand—is there not here a call for a more fundamental inquiry into the *meum* and *tuum* of their "fortunes" and the obligation connected therewith?

7. How much is a Million Dollars anyhow? What is the ethical signification of the term "multi-millionaire"? What human imagination can take in the numercial significance of these terms? Within the memory of those living a millionaire was a *"rara avis,"* upon whom public opinion placed great duties. He occupied a conspicuous place, he necessarily lived in a "glass house." Now the *multi*-millionaires are so common in Chicago and other great cities that in certain quarters you can scarcely shoot a pistol without hitting one. No wonder that many of them are "unknown."

Has the moral sense, the corporate consciousness, the civic pride, the spiritual insight, the ethical capacity, grown commensurate with the growth of these fortunes? We have taxed our imagination in vain in trying to realize what a Million Dollars would mean, rendered in terms of ethical responsibility.

A friend, more skilled in figures, has offered us this help to our imagination, which we pass on for the benefit of our readers. This friend tells us that a wealthy man counts not his capital, but his income; and that he is a poor capitalist who does not make his capital earn four per cent (4%) per annum. On this basis, our capitalist has an *in-come* for each million he possesses of One Hundred Dollars ($100.00) for every working day in the year; One Hundred and Fifty Dollars ($150.00) for every Sunday in the year; and Two Hundred Dollars ($200.00) for every holiday in the year. How to wisely administer this income even to his own interests and of those he holds dear is a grave task; but to righteously administer these fast-accumulating dollars in the interest of the well-being of the Society of which he is a part, from which he derives his wealth, and without which his millions would be but the belt of gold to the man on board the sinking ship in mid-ocean is a much graver task. But no wealth can excuse a man from these civic duties. The obligations of wealth that is made possible only by the life in common cannot be discharged by hospitalities to individuals and taking care of one's wife's relations or other personal benefactions. There are community claims upon great as upon small fortunes.

THE PULPIT

"Here's Hoping:" The Optimism of Experience

A LECTURE BY WILLIAM KENT, GIVEN BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1906.

Before we begin to discuss the reasons for an optimistic view of our human life and experience we might as well consider what optimism means.

Plain as is its derivation, simple as is its meaning, it is a word often misunderstood. To the cynical who pretend to wisdom, the word usually stands for a smiling ignorance of the hardships and wrongs of life, the rosy outlook of the happy child. But optimism is more than abundant food, more even than good digestion; it is a hopeful philosophy that is justified by things as they have been and things as they are. So that the answer to the question: "Is life worth living?" depends not entirely upon the liver as the cynic has said, but upon our acceptance of the unavoidable, our courage to combat adversity and wrong, our seeking out and appreciating what is good. All of which appeals to reason. If on the other hand we accept remediable evils as matters of course, and if we spend our time in bewailing the inevitable, and following will-o'-the-wisps till we are mired, we can easily become pessimists.

Optimism is hopefulness, and as I understand the word, continual, everyday hopefulness that is based on willingness to serve and to help, for without that sense of participation in motive power, one cannot keep one's cheer.

We look back and back through the centuries to the codes and religions of what we call the ancient world and find the same old problems and doubts and fears and hopes. The code of Hammurabi, Egypt's Book of the Dead, the Hebrew moralists, have much the same to say as our moralists of today. And these are long, long dead and the pessimist wonders whether they, who in all the centuries have failed to make the world good, have not lived in vain.

The Stoics have failed to make universal the doctrine of self-respect. Jesus has not yet taught men the law of love and brotherhood, nor has Buddha kept the world from being drenched in blood. Those who take the hopeful view are infinitely reassured by the fact that human nature has in all times shown strong tendencies toward justice and kindness and righteousness and feel that foundations laid in the remote past are proof of humanity's enduring and basic principles.

Again, there is no race so good that it cannot learn of some other race, nor is there any individual so good that he cannot find among those he considers his moral inferiors some qualities in which they outclass him. Let the best of you go where he will, he will find braver men, kinder men and men more capable of privation and sacrifice.

The Indian is more truthful than we are; the Chinaman more reliable in business relations; the Japanese is more a master of courtesy and kindliness.

The bravest of you would not follow a cowboy in his daily rounds without continual fear, and few of you have gone hungry to divide with another, as our poorest foreigners do in every labor crisis.

So when, with the bravest of modern optimists, Robert Louis Stevenson, we look over humanity in time and place and realize that in spite of temptation and in spite of suffering it is good, we are glad to be in accord with things as they are, glad that our heads and our hearts work together, and glad that we are no more rebellious against human nature than we are against the law of gravitation, though the one we can help and the other we cannot.

But after all, in this thought of hopefulness we are forced to admit that humanity has been bettered through all the ages. The highest ethical conceptions of today are as high as they have ever been, and many more believe and follow the clearer light. The broadening circle of those to whom that light appears is really the hopeful feature of our time.

Those who heaped the adobe bricks of Babylon and Nineveh knew little of what the great king thought of right and wrong. For the men who were crushed under the stone of the pyramids, there were neither political rights nor aspirations nor moral codes. The Hebrew prophets held an insolent monopoly of their one true God and few of them gave to other people's a thought or a look that was not a curse or a sneer.

The stoic teaching, with its splendid gospel of self-respect, appealed to the individual that was strong, and little to the mass or to society.

It remained for Jesus to start the movement that led toward the democracy of ethics and the democracy of the world. So of all the causes that lead to optimism in even a "this world" sense, the gospel of the Nazarene is the greatest.

We can be really hopeful only by knowing and by helping. What are the evils of our time and land and what can we do about them?

On every hand we hear of graft, of greed, of dishonesty. We hear of laws bought, sold and broken, and much that we hear is true. The brutality of capital is feebly imitated by the cruelty of labor, and a Morgan in New York is echoed in a "Skinny" Madden in Chicago. Problems are before us, ever problems; for heaven's sake can't men be men to us and not problems? The slum, the negro, child labor, the landless man and the manless land, the open shop, the closed shop, and all the countless queries that surge up through society.

No longer can we complacently deny our responsibility, and rest serene in the belief that the artificial structure of what we call Society is a natural growth and subject to natural laws. Problems and problems till our heads ache with them; and demonstrations of them until our hearts are sore.

And all the trouble grows out of stupid ignorance, for just as men once looked to the sword for independence and then came to regard war and killing as a man's duty, so now, confusing ends with means, men look to wealth itself as an object, failing to note that wealth beyond the call of comfort is but a burden.

Because one man spends money for useless or degrading luxury others would do the same, and so the fashion spreads and a false ideal is created and a mad rush ensues, that runs over law, decency and humanity, engendering bitterness among men.

Out of this fierce struggle comes some good mingled with much harm, for the greed and stupidity of capital results in the greed and stupidity of labor, so that ever the search is made for labor-saving machinery which one day will produce for all, at lower cost, and not be the monopoly of the few. In the race for watered stocks railroads are laid which cost men now living far more than they should pay but which will some day serve all as they should.

It would be far better for us if we were in no such hurry to skim the continent and skin its inhabitants; but God hath made the wrath of men to praise him, and the wear and strain are not all wasted. The

strong men who have reached and grabbed have often sold their souls, and in reaching for more wealth have sacrificed the only thing that wealth can buy—their independence. But there will stand a useful residue of even the wasted lives; the idler and the tramp alone leave nothing behind.

For us who are hopeful, we can read a lesson in the life of Yerkes and his kind. We can see no compensation for the miserable life and miserable end of that financial, social and moral libertine. And yet it was but a few years ago that he was touted as a king of high finance.

There is no one in this audience that would change places with John D. Rockefeller, although it is also doubtful if that venerable pachyderm would change places with any one possessed of a dollar less wealth than his. Would that have been true before Miss Tarbell spoke?

The recent death of Marshall Field has brought with it a whole train of thought based on changing views of success and vital values.

At first we are disgusted with the adulation of his wealth and the disproportionate standing it gave him. He sold good goods, he dealt with a narrow sort of justice; but so does the average popcorn man. He paid his taxes as does the average peanut stand. He profited by special privileges wrongfully obtained as have many of us. As a citizen he did something for the community in which he lived but nothing in comparison to his shop girl who gave a quarter toward a Salvation Army dinner.

Marshall Field was a fair sort of citizen, as citizens go, if we forget his neglected potency for great good. He had enormous powers of organization and acquisition. But the strange feature about his post-mortem praises was the fact that one and all of his eulogists felt it necessary to say that, though rich, he was honest. They said that he made no money in Wall Street, which was false; they said he hated Yerkes, which was true; they said he paid good wages, which was dubious, and that he opposed stock watering, which he did in a measure. It used to be "poor but honest," now it is getting to be required of a man that he show that he is honest if rich. Isn't that hopeful?

The cry of "graft, graft" on every hand is the old cry of "wolf, wolf," and the wolf is here. It is the same old cry that raised an army in 1861, and the army is fast coming. Not an army to invade a foreign shore nor even adjacent states; not even to spend much of its time and energy on fighting the other fellow, but an army that will first search out its own heart and correct its own motives and ideals. This fight is not of necessity so long a fight as we might imagine from history. For if we look our history over, we find that the strongest factor in human life is the factor of ideals. The two thousand years of Christianity have mellowed the soil for democracy, and democratic ideals with half a chance will take root and flower and seed and spread like blue grass in a favoring soil. It is our duty to help in the process, and how may we be about our father's business?

I recently attended a conference of eminent and altruistic people. I didn't go to scoff and I didn't stay to pray. I was surprised at the divergent paths by which men would travel to reach the same goal, that of relative equality of opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Especially was I impressed with the clear thought, the muddled humanity and the weird fanaticism of the orthodox Socialists. They see clearly that labor does not get a fair share of the product of labor. How can it when the watered stock of monopolies pays dividends to capital?

They doubt whether God really presented the coal to the Christian, Mr. Baer, or his Christian railroads; so do we. They doubt the right of lumbermen to destroy four trees to cut one and to leave the earth denuded for coming generations, and we must follow them there. And on and on through many of their contentions and much of their logic we must agree, but finally from the realm of applied figures they drift into dehumanized theory, they desert arithmetic for algebra, and here some of us must part. What could be clearer than *"laissez faire,"* but it doesn't work because it is dehumanized algebra, and so with orthodox Socialism. They have erected a strange dualism, capitalism and the proletariat, their devil and their god.

They have drawn fixed lines between the classes, which fortunately cannot exist. They call an unmitigated thief like a bank wrecker, and an industrious philanthropic doctor (if prosperous) by the same title, " a product of the capitalistic system." Some of them decry the family as a useless institution and believe in raising children on an incubator plan. They say the worst thing that can be done is to patch and prop the capitalistic system by trying to ameliorate existing conditions. Write tracts, make speeches until the great day, and then get a gun!

These people are sure, absolutely cock sure; so are or were the *laissez faire* people: so are some of our wealthy and heedless citizens. But although I am not sure of much, I am sure that the man who is sure that he has some patent medicine that will cure all human ills, I am sure that *that* man is wrong; and furthermore, I cannot believe that all the saints and sages have lived and worked and died in vain because they failed to subscribe to this particularism, altruistic though it be.

To others the panacea is the taxation of land to the extinction of private ownership. There is in this no class bitterness nor any incubator scheme. It may be all right but it is no panacea.

Dowie, Mrs. Eddy and the Mormons offer to their followers solutions of all worldly woes, but the solution doesn't somehow solve, and so like the patient who tries everything he reads of in the advertisements before going back to fresh air and a wholesome diet, humanity will have to drift along on the old lines of ethics but with accelerated motion toward the democracy which has grown with every century.

And yet there is not a fad in the whole aggregation which is not hopeful in one way as showing the yearning for ideals and the power of ideals.

A little girl idealizes her doll, an older girl her mother, an older girl her lover. I have recently heard of the socialistic conscience and heard it described as infallible. Prior to that I had heard of the Christian, the Mormon, the Greek letter fraternity conscience, and the conscience peculiar to the Improved Order of Red Men. I suppose they're all good, just as all religions are good if they take in the other fellow.

As a man of strongest leanings toward individualism, I regard our present tendencies as inevitably and necessarily socialistic. I am glad they are, and would help them along. For every man blessed with opportunity ought to hope to share it with others, and I for one look for a cleaner and higher individualism that will come with greater justice and enlarged opportunities. If there be an American type of face or

character, it is the Indian type. The Indian is stoic and individual. To that type must we return.

Meanwhile, although I conceive much of the program sort of Socialism to be wrong, perhaps I ought not to quarrel with anything but its excrescences, for after all a mustard plaster has its uses as a counter irritant, although it is neither food, drink nor raiment.

There is no better example to be found in the distinction between "program" and "opportunism" than that furnished by our young Commissioner of Public Works. At great self-sacrifice and with splendid devotion he had for nearly a year done better service for this city than almost any man of my acquaintance. He had seen the necessity of maintaining the rights of the community against the graft of the few. He had fought against political pull and influence with fine courage. Day by day he had tried to give strength and dignity to our corporate life, and no sane, honest man could have asked more of him than his best, which he gave. Then all at once he quit his post. No one can say that he had not earned a rest if he needed it. But that was not the reason given. It was the poor old reason, "What's the use?" I am quite sure his philosophical views were not of much consequence to this city, but his services were. He dropped the near-at-hand duty to theorize. I prophesy for him a little adulation by his new found orthodox friends, followed by a demand that he renounce all independence of action, followed by his speedy ejectment from the fold. And then again the community may have him as a worthy public servant, doing the hard thing that is waiting to be done now, free to believe as he likes provided he fulfills his oath of office.

Well, what shall we do to be saved? It is evident there never has been and is not now any royal road to salvation nor any cure-all for human ignorance and wickedness. It is doubtful if there can be further development of the individual until the social sense and the social (not socialistic) conscience is developed and a broader foundation is laid under the individual character. You cannot build a twenty-story building on a twenty-foot lot.

The same old protest against selfish and irrelevant politics must be fought to a finish, through civil service reform, through reform of nominating and elective machinery. Public utilities must either cease to oppress the people or must cease to buy their servants or they must be taken by the people and be run by them, however great the prospect of relative inefficiency may be. And monopolies of all sorts must be curbed or share an equal fate. For this is justice and not theory. Should our development lead us far along the socialistic program, we need not fear, provided our motive is justice and not hatred.

The wail of the pessimist and the exultant whoop of *laissez faire* regarding social wrong, "It has always been so," applies with equal force to cannibalism and slavery.

There is plenty of bad round about us and it is easy to say that things are growing worse. This, I am sure, is not true. The very recognition of inequality of opportunity as an evil is proof of that, for never before has that recognition been accorded as freely. The merciless slaughter of illegitimate respectability as seen in connection with the insurance investigations, shows a new social conscience, a new realizing sense. Though guilty men may escape incarceration, can any one deny their punishment? And a realizing sense can only be obtained by trip hammer blows,—it must be welded in, not veneered on.

The sins of the rich are many; they buy so much with the labor of others that often they try to buy everything, and this brings the realizing sense. But when they realize how little *worth while* they can buy for themselves except by buying for others, there will be a reallotment without dynamite or destruction.

With the growing dignity of the community there must come a growing willingness to serve the community and with the assumption of great responsibilities will come an interest in bearing them. This is now true of public affairs in other lands, and is true here in business matters. I have known wealthy and busy men with but a small financial interest at stake to serve on bank directorates faithfully and laboriously, because they liked the work and took pride in it.

And while some regret the cry of graft, and the many investigations, others see that what we need is a great many more investigations, and a great deal more indignation, and a great deal more individual suffering as a result. For only by getting away from formulæ and into definite human quantities, can we acquire that realizing sense which is the motive power of ideals, ideals which, lacking such motive power, are but the utterances of a parrot, or the mumblings of a ritual.

In all sorts of political phases we have had investigations and in some few lines of business, but were I to attempt to determine what line of investigation is the most essential, here and now, I should without hesitation say an industrial one; one that would reveal and pillory the labor grafter and the labor thug; one that would show the callous indifference with which laboring men regard those who betray them for money, maim and maltreat them for differences of opinion; one that would show the impossible political economy of restricted output, and the idiotic divisions of labor. But such an investigation could not stop there. There would be shown the most sordid and hideous conspiracies by capital against rival concerns and a joint conspiracy by the powerful in union and among employers to beat all others in all ranks of life.

This is now more important than the ventilation of any other cesspool. It must be undertaken and a thorough job made of it. Ray Stannard Baker as an outside observer, and Driscoll, the teamster who drove labor and capital double, have thus far talked to deaf ears. The public that suffers must take this foul subject up and dispose of it as the next great work of this community.

Meantime our people and all our people can be trusted to work along the lines long laid down, and steadily leading to achievement. Ballot and primary reform that men may be really free to vote; civil service reform, that they may be served with greater relative efficiency and may not be ruled by office-holders, and that those office-holders may maintain their independence and self-respect in the public service. The juvenile courts, the call for child labor and factory legislation, are not to be put by in these days of awakening conscience. There is room for every one to work and to work all the time, and there never will be an end of altruistic work under the sun. But these are great days to live in and the man who can be philosophically pessimistic in these days would probably complain that Lake Michigan was too hot if he took a plunge off the government pier.

It is a hard necessity that in working to help the world we must deal with real qualities, real people; that we must love, aye, even hate people about us, else how could we help to make public opinion?

We cannot, if we do our duty, take refuge in formulæ that prove out into a perfect theory, for varying, imperfect human nature marks a cipher at the bottom of the sheet when all our calculations are made. We must know the suffering and the sin at first hand and the greed and prejudice, the charity, the love and the hope, and then we see our way to struggle inch by inch toward justice and toward kindness. There is no moving sidewalk, like *laissez faire* that will carry us toward our destination. We cannot be fired out of a cannon to a definite goal. The road winds uphill all the way, just as it has always done.

Doing the duty near at hand we become helpful and therefore hopeful day by day, working toward the creation and realization of ideals of unselfishness.

Human nature is good, always and everywhere. It has been good and more responsive to good than to evil. Slowly but with accelerating motion and with the added momentum of growing democracy it is saving itself. It is the reward and the excuse for living that we are privileged to help and therefore to hope.

THE STUDY TABLE

*Rational Living

President King always has something to say and that something worth saying. This book is no exception. It meets the need of the day in a valuable treatment. Wagner's Simple Life and Hilty's Happiness are invaluable in suggestions along a single line, but President King's book covers the scope of our general personal activities. Any person desiring to know how to live will find this treatise an epitome of the latest expressions of the best thinkers on this great subject, to which is added wisdom from Dr. King's fertile brain. It fairly answers the question as to what is rational living. To the layman it brings this result in a form easily grasped. The theory of living is clearly presented and then we are told how to put the theory into practice. The whole personality and its relations are brought under review, carefully considered, and the processes of life indicated. He shows the value and glory of rational living, inspires one to attempt it and gives practical direction for accomplishing the noble end.

The book is founded on four great inferences from modern psychology. Life is complex. Man is a unity. Will and action are of central importance. The real is concrete.

As to the first, the complexity of life is shown to mean not confusion but greater riches. We need a wide range of interests for a large and noble life; need these for moral victory also and sanity. The second fundamental principle, the unity of man emphasizes the unity of mind and body, their influence upon each other and the unity of the mind in itself. The mind is not divided into clearly defined compartments as the old metaphysics suggested, into intellect, feeling, will; but is a unit, all its powers interrelated and co-operative in activity. These chapters are of particular value, both in the theoretical and practical treatment of the subject and are worthy of special consideration. The treatment of self-control is one of the finest in the book. "Self-control lies at the very basis of character and of all achievement intellectual or moral."

The third inference, the central importance of will and action, reveals one of the most important results of modern psychology. "Hoffding agrees with Paulsen in saying the same thing of man that has been said of animals. 'As Fichte taught,' he says, 'the most original thing in us is the impulse to action; it is given before consciousness of the world and cannot be derived from it.'" Men must be active. The will must give the direction to the activities. How much this means in the education and training of the young and the means of reform for ourselves or in behalf of others.

The last principle enunciated, the concreteness of the real—the inter-relatedness of all, is the least satisfactory in the treatment received. It is of the same importance as the others and is indeed the culminating thought. All the other topics were treated with remarkable perspicacity but in this part there is less clearness of thought and expression. A single quotation will show its value. "To be," Lotze says, "is to be in relations." Our relations to others in society and the material universe are necessary to our personal life and development.

This work would furnish an admirable treatise for higher schools of education and will prove itself of great value to the thoughtful young person. The maturer mind will find it full of richness gathered from the best sources, put in brief, clear, decisive form. It tells us how to live, and why.

*Rational Living. By Henry Churchill King. The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.25.

*Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy

Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy, is the title of a delightful love story by Charles Major, author of When Knighthood Was In Flower, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, etc. This is an enjoyable love story, well wrought out, and of sustained interest. The scene is laid in the time of Louis XI of France and Edward IV of England. It is not historical, however. The sole interest in the novel is in the fortunes of two young people. There are no startling crises, but the story is lively and readable from the start to finish. Yolanda is the incognito daughter of Charles of Burgundy, who wins the affection of Maximilian, the heir of the throne of Styria, under the guise of a burgher girl. It is a wholesome story, worthy in this respect of notice in view of the ordinary modern novel.

EDWARD P. TULLER.

*Yolanda. By Charles Major. The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.50.

Books Received

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS; MACMILLAN COMPANY AGENTS:
Efficiency and Relief. By Edward T. Devine, Ph. D., LL. D. Price, 75c.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY:
The Portreeve. By Eden Philpotts. 452 pages. 12mo. Price, $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS:
The Early Christian Conception of Christ. By Otto Pfleiderer. 295 pages. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75, net.
The Evolution of Religion: An Anthropological Study. By L. R. Farnell, M. A., D. Litt.

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY:
Two Services of Public Prayer. By James Martineau.
Light and Shadow. By Perry Marshall. Published at New Salem, Mass., Price, 50c.

B. W. HUEBSCH, NEW YORK:
Christian Origins. By Otto Pfleiderer. 295 pages. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75, net.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

A Protest and a Protest

At the Chicago Baptist Ministers' Conference on March 5 a resolution was adopted, by more than a two-thirds vote, expressing the conviction that the teaching of the recent book, "The Finality of the Christian Religion," is contrary to scripture and subversive of the vital and essential principles of the Christian faith. A protest against the action of the conference has been issued by seventeen of the minority members. As the mover of the resolution which was finally adopted I feel that a protest, couched as it is in very vigorous language, demands a reply.

When the protestants state that the action of the conference in adopting the resolution was "contrary to all Baptist precedent," they assume omniscience. It suffices to say with reference to this that I know of cases in which similar action has been taken by conferences of Baptist ministers, expressing disagreement with publications or public utterances. This fact entirely and at once disproves the sweeping assertion that this action is without precedent. This, however, is secondary. The main question refers to the right of the conference to pass such resolutions. It is said to be opposed to the principles of religious liberty, which we hold so dear. It is said to "throttle free speech." Is, then, religious liberty the denial of religious liberty? Have we not as a conference the right to express our convictions? Are we not all of us "throttled" if such right be refused? The case was clearly defined. We did not seek to legislate. We did not seek to bind the churches. We could not do so, being Baptists. Each man was absolutely free. He could approve the simple statement set forth in the motion, if he were in accord with it. He could vote against it. He could refrain from voting. He had absolute liberty in the premises. If there were a rule of the conference forbidding such discussion the case would have been different. So, also, if threats of intimidation had been used, or full discussion denied. But everything was as fair and open as the day.

It is claimed that "the rights of the minority have been violated." I desire to be eminently just to my brethren, but this statement seems to me most astounding. Did not the members of the minority express their views? Did they not have the privilege of registering their votes? Was not the count correct? Was not the vote properly announced? Was the president of the conference unfair or arbitrary? Wherein, then, from the beginning to the end, have the rights of the minority been violated? These words of the protestants contain a very serious charge, which they should prove fully and in every particular, not to their own satisfaction only, nor to ours, but to that of all right thinking and fair-minded men.

Let me state another side of this question. The author of the book that was under discussion is a member of the conference in good and regular standing. That fact does not make the conference responsible for his public utterances. But—especially when the utterances are radical in their character—it renders perfectly legitimate the similar publication of the attitude and convictions of his fellow-members. In the present instance the heralding abroad with emphasis and enthusiasm, in the newspapers and elsewhere, of the fact that the author is a Baptist clergyman, made our action not only justifiable but imperative. If it be said that the author, being a Baptist, expressed only his own convictions and did not in any way bind the denomination to his views, we reply that we have done exactly the same thing.

The protest, not very politely, suggests that we have converted the conference into a body of inquisitors. The accusation gives an erroneous impression, quite unintentionally, I am sure, of the discussion. It seemed to most of us to move throughout on a high and dignified plane. We were dealing in honest and earnest fashion with widely published views, which forty-eight clergymen there present, and many who were not present, as I have since learned, believed to be utterly inconsistent with the principles and beliefs which are the very essence of our Christian faith.

Again, it is stated that the minority have been placed in a false position. "If it be assumed," it is said, "that the action of the conference represents the attitude of the whole body, the minority is misrepresented." What may be "assumed" is not the question. Assumptions are stray and irresponsible creatures. We have only to do with definite statements. The definite statement announced after the vote was taken, and repeated in the columns of *The Standard*, is that the resolution was carried by a vote of forty-eight to twenty-two. Is that a false assumption? In *The Standard* the text of the resolution is appended. Is it reported incorrectly?

The protest further states that "if it be assumed that the minority by its vote against the resolution approved the teachings of the book, it is again misrepresented." So again I ask, why speak of "assumptions"? Almost anything can be "assumed." I can assume, for instance, that the action of a part of the minority in issuing the protest was taken hastily and without due deliberation. I can assume that this action, in the view of the denomination at large, will be considered a grievous mistake. I can assume that the appearance of the names of six university professors and six students and ex-students, making twelve in all, among the seventeen protestants and the names of sixteen such university men among the minority of twenty-two will work injury to our Divinity School, considering the spirit and character of this protest. These assumptions may all be utterly inconsistent with the facts. We should deal with facts. What are the facts? Simply these: the resolution expresses its conviction that the teachings of the book are contrary to scripture, and subversive of the essential principles of the Christian faith. Any intelligent man will see that that vote expressed, not the particular doctrinal attitude of each individual, but his belief with reference to the attitude of the book. One of the protestants stated that he "viewed the work with abhorrence." Another said to me that he believed the book. These divergent views were, of course, apart from the real question, which was stated plainly and fairly.

In conclusion: If I agreed with the teachings of this book I would leave the Christian ministry, and at once. One series of resolutions presented to the conference said that we should await the publication of the second volume before pronouncing our convictions. No! If the author has given his book to the world, the world has a right to judge it. By review, criticism, discussion or resolution men may utter their convictions concerning it. If a man enter my garden and destroy the roots of my fairest and strongest tree, I have a right to speak. He may say, "I have done only one part of my work. I will wind garlands of lovely flowers about the branches and hang baskets of luscious fruit from the boughs and the tree will be more beautiful than ever before. Be patient with me." I reply: "I have a right to judge the work you have already done, and judge it I will. That tree was my joy and my strength. You have destroyed its life."

Shall a man seek to destroy that which I hold dearest in the world, that which has been most precious in my Christian experience, that which is the soul and substance of my message, that which is life of my life, and I not speak? This is not a time for technicalities but for convictions; both pro and con, if you will, but a time for convictions. No principle of religious liberty, no principle that Baptists hold dear, has been sacrificed in this discussion. Nor is there, can there be, any clash between the Baptist principles of religious liberty and the yet deeper Baptist principle of loyalty to Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God. But if there were such a disharmony, I trust I might have grace and strength to nail my standard to the cross and battle bravely for the Lord I love. It is not a question of "steadying the ark." It is a question of loyalty to Jesus Christ. I have tried to be loyal to him in presenting my resolutions. Many of my brethren have sought to be loyal to him in supporting those resolutions. Other brethren have sought to be loyal to him in opposing them. But this protest I find it hard to catalogue.

AUSTEN K. DE BLOIS.

We, the undersigned, together with some forty of our brethren not today accessible, supported the resolution of Dr. de Blois. We also fully endorse in its every part the above reply to the protest of the minority:

JOHNSTON MYERS, Immanuel Church.
SMITH THOMAS FORD, First Church, Englewood.
JAMES P. THOMS, Pilgrim Temple Church.
R. E. MANNING, Superintendent City Missions.
JUDSON B. THOMAS, Dist. Sec'y, Home Mission Society.
JOHN ROACH STRATON, Second Church.
JOHN M. MOORE, Centennial Church.
J. S. KIRTLEY, First Church, Elgin.
WILLIAM KIRK BRYCE, Fourth Church.

It may seem to many that the above misinterprets the protest referred to. Having given both sets of resolutions and this second statement from one side, we will gladly print one more statement of the case from those who protested against any action being taken.

C. A. O.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Chicago Freight Subway.

The Chicago freight tunnel is ready for business. There are forty-three miles of track extending under ten north and south streets, fourteen east and west streets, with numerous branches to all freight terminals. This tunnel is expected to increase the value of Chicago property $100,000,000 in the next five years. It is one of the greatest works in the world.

Chicago's $1,000 Saloon License.

When John Burns, the real royal blood of honest toil in the English cabinet, was in this country, he said it seemed to him "Chicago was a vest pocket edition of hell." In the face of the reign of thugdom we have recently had to meet, it almost makes one feel the observation of the honest Englishman was not far from fact. But where sin abounds, grace is much more bound to burst forth as a river of life to cleanse the city's Augean stables of its political and civic filth. One such gleam of hope has burst forth. It is the $1,000 saloon license recently passed by our city council on a vote of 43 to 28. To raise the license from $500 to $1,000 is doubling the number of stripes with which the citizen punishes the criminal against our better life. It is a splendid evidence that the public conscience is awakening fast. It does not mean that we are licensing crime, to thus put a price upon it, as our "everything-or-nothing" prohibition brother puts it. It rather means that we as a people by this act have expressed our belief that the saloon, in the good sense of the city, is a lie twice as black as we have hitherto confessed it. It doesn't mean we hate the saloon keeper. If anything it rather means that we love him more, and are trying by this act to make it harder for him to do wrong, that it may be easier for him to do right. Truth hates the lie, but loves the liar. When one remembers that there are not one-tenth of the keepers of drink places in the city of Chicago but what would gladly give up the business, save for the money in it, we cannot help but register our conviction that back of the sterner law there is a heart of deeper love. It is the voice of the people showing how we can better live to help live.

Susan B. Anthony Gone.

One who was once everywhere the butt of ridicule, but now is the best known and the best loved woman in all the world, has passed away. Susan B. Anthony certainly is our nation's great emancipator of womanhood. Ever has she been foremost on the firing line of the great army that believes that she who rocks the cradle should be counted at the ballot box in the ruling of the world. Where the home is hit hardest—where it meets in deadly conflict the saloon—there Miss Anthony ever fought the bravest. Her presence has ever been like a Joan of Arc to the great hosts she so nobly and for half a century has so heroically led on. She felt, and perhaps has made us all feel more keenly than any of her day, that woman suffers because she has not been allowed to register her great heart protest where her father, husband and brother register theirs. So, for woman suffrage she gave her life—every drop of its blue blood. Her last words tell the loyalty to her great conviction: "Write to Anna Shaw immediately and tell her I desire that every cent I leave when I pass out of this life shall be given to the fund which Miss Thomas and Miss Garret are raising for the cause. I have given my life and all I am to it, and now I want my last act to be to give it all I have—the last cent."

The Downfall of Dowieism.

"The beginning of the end" of Dowieism has come. Its final downfall is not far away. The dire financial extremity of "Zion City" was surely God's opportunity to show that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Alexander Dowie is nothing if he is not a man mad with an ambition for absolute theocratic power. The purpose of this ambition becomes more and more clear as the final downfall of the self-set-up dynasty draws near. Failing health sent him a few months ago to an island of the tropics, that he might find the fountain of life to carry to fulfillment his phantom hope. Out of sight of his "beloved Zion" his people felt the joy of relief from his tyrant grasp. When they came to themselves it was only to find their great industrial commonwealth on the verge of utter financial ruin, if not final collapse. To stem the crisis and the crash the great leader from his resting place on the island of the tropic seas, wired his power as overseer to his trusted friend, Voliva. The new leadership brought in at once an entire new regime. Dowie's checks were no longer honored at his own bank. The whole religious and financial polity of Zion was reversed. Form, farce and fanaticism was by a single edict swept away. Things were no longer to be done in a dark corner, but in the open day. Zion was to be a city of "grace, gumption and grit"; where every debt was to be paid; the creeds of others were to be respected and no longer denounced; the leader should no longer live in luxury, but be one of the people, whose only recompense would be the supplies for daily needs, and whose sole purpose in leading, that the saints may more fully live each for the other, and all for the glory of the great Zion commonwealth. With such a right-about-face in the policy of things, where the most drastic denunciation of others gives way to the annunciation of love for all, as Jesus taught it, Zionism passes out of the foul political and religious air of the past into the clearer atmosphere—the "Zeit geist" of the century, which is malice toward none and charity toward all; doing the right as God makes us more clearly see it.

The City for the Citizen.

"The city for the citizen" should be the tocsin of every civic patriot. The spirit which burns as a holy fire in the sub-conscious strata of the people everywhere has burst out with another gleam of hope in our city, which one of the leading journals of the East has called "The most crime ridden community of the United States. The decision of the Supreme Court, made public March 12, to the great joy of all the people, gives back to the city of Chicago $60,000,000 worth of property which the street car companies have felt under the decision of Judge Grosscup they rightfully possessed. It is too early to say just what this will mean in the hastening of the day of municipal ownership of our street car service; which is as sure to come ere long as the coming of tomorrow's sunlight. One can never tell when the social crater will belch forth the fires of public opinion that will bury forever the corrupter and the mere self-seeker, beneath the lava of its righteous wrath. The divine democracy is coming fast. At such an hour as you think not, the real Son of Man cometh.

The Massacre of Dajo Hill.

The last stand of the unconquered of our Philippine possessions was taken by a band of six hundred Moros in the crater of Mount Dajo, a mountain 2,500 feet high, in the island of Jolo. It was indeed a fight to the finish. Women, dressed as men, fighting side by side with their husbands and brothers; little children used as shields to protect the savage warriors in the hand-to-hand fight with our troops; the savage warriors fired with a conviction that the struggle was from death to paradise, and all made the horrible battle that resulted in the death of six hundred, one of the most heart sickening in the annals of our island conquest. It makes us feel that war waged even according to the rules of the game, is little else than what Sherman called it. The sad and unfortunate incident is but one more event making the nations see more clearly that to "ground arms" forever is the only way to bring in

The conquest of the nations,
In the mighty march of Peace.

The Blackest Yet.

The further one probes into the insurance scandals the deeper seated is found to be the corruption; and the more diabolical the acts of those who have for years been the participants in and promoters of the awful facts. Tom Lawson's prophecy of what would be revealed when once the "lid was off" is mild indeed to what has come forth when the truth has been brought out. The last and most scandalous revelation is that made Thursday, March 15, by Andy Hamilton, their tool for legislative corruption, before the New York Senate. He went in person before the body and demanded that he be heard. Then and there he did a tale unfold that was a stench such as never yet went up to heaven in the scandal of the insurance world. And all this has been going on under a cloak of love for the widow and the orphan! Has the business world ever seen such a clothing of the fiends as angels of light? Oh, how the love of money rots the heart! The "whole gang" is little else than what Dante saw in Hades, the disensouled bodies of the corrupters of the corrupt. Homer says, "I hate as the gates of Hell the man that says one thing with his lips and says the other with his life." So is falling the just condemnation of the people on those who have posed as the righteous, but are so seared with sin that the sense of it does not even bring a blush to their brazen cheeks.

F. N. R.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—To be contented is to be friends with yourself. He who has no quarrel with himself will have no quarrel with the world, while he who is at enmity with himself will hardly have a friend on earth.

MON.—Joy is the only thing in the world more inevitable, more universal than sorrow. Our capacity for happiness still outranks our capacity for grief.

TUES.—We have all the time there is, and in that time everything can be done that ought to be done.

WED.—Happiness, perhaps, comes by the grace of Heaven; but the wearing of a happy countenance, the preserving of a happy mien, is a duty, not a blessing.

THURS.—Happiness is really complete poise of being, and comes upon us only when we have secured a measure of health, a measure of certitude of mind, and a measure of rectitude of conduct.

FRI.—Happiness is the test of all success, the measure of our growth, the boundary of our accomplishment.

SAT.—And the bond of all bonds shall be manhood, and the right of all rights the right to the heart of our fellows.

—*Bliss Carman.*

A Day

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
  A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
  The news like squirrels ran.

The mills untied their bonnets,
  The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
  "That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not,
  There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
  Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
  A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
  And led the flock away.

I'm nobody! Who are you?
  Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
  They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
  How public, like a frog,
To tell your name the livelong day
  To an admiring bog!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

An Introduction

An unknown woman came out of Mother's room and smiled at Greggy. It was a little unexpected.

"Oh," in a whisper, "it's the little boy! Well, you'll have to wait awhile longer, dear—they're both having a splendid sleep. I'm going out and get my breakfast before they wake up."

When she was gone Greggy stole to Mother's door—just to the door, to peep in. A great hungriness to see Mother's face pushed him there; he had to go. He would just look once and then tiptoe away just as e-asy.

But Mother's dear face was turned away from the door, and Greggy had to tiptoe a very little way inside—then a very little further. Still he could not see Mother, but he saw something else. On the cushions of the great rocker lay a white bundle, and on top of the bundle lay a little pink hand. Greggy could not see anything else. But it was, oh, such a little hand! In all the world Greggy had not supposed there could be such a little hand, or such a pink, rose-leaf one, or such little, little finger nails! It took his breath away. He felt a great desire come over him to touch it just as e-asy. He stole one finger toward it and—touched it. And then the beautiful wonder happened to Greggy. The little, little hand clasped his finger tight! It was very—oh, very—warm and, oh, very soft. Greggy had never imagined anything could be so warm and soft. He stood perfectly motionless and let it hold him prisoner, while through his finger, straight along to his heart, traveled a strange, delightful thrill. Greggy was introduced.

He did not know how long it was he stood there, but he grew cramped and stiff keeping so still. Greggy had never kept still before because he wanted to. Mother slept on peacefully, and in the soft white bundle somewhere the Strange Little Person slept, too, Greggy supposed. But he could only see the little rosy hand on top and feel it holding his finger tight. He *liked* to be cramped and stiff—he *wanted* to keep still.

Someone stepped to the door who Greggy knew must be listening—then went away again. It was not the Hannah Woman, for nothing shook. The clock on Mother's mantel worried Greggy with its loud tick-tocking, but it did not wake anyone up. Then quite suddenly the small pink fingers unclasped and flew upward, then softly down again. Greggy, no longer a prisoner, crept away out of the room. He had not seen the face of the Strange Little Person at all.

He went out on the front door-step and sat down. He felt rather tired, and parts of him ached. But one finger felt strange and good; he kept it away from the rest as much as possible. Once he shut his eyes and pretended the little, little hand was clasping it tight again. Then he opened his eyes and laughed softly to himself.

If somebody would only come along! Greggy looked both ways, hoping. He wanted somebody to come and ask about the baby—the minister or the grocer's wagon, or even the Perry Boy. He wanted to *tell* somebody—to say, oh, what a beautiful baby it was in Mother's room. It almost made him ache to feel so—so diff'rent, as he had felt ever since he had been in there and got acquainted with the Strange Little Person. Of course it makes you feel diff'rent to be acquainted with a person, and 'specially—rapt memory in Greggy's brown little face and the thrill again in his forefinger—'specially when you've *shaken hands.*

Greggy looked both ways once more—no minister, no grocer, no Perry Boy. No one was coming but Crummles. So Greggy told Crummles.

"It's all right about the baby, Crummie. You needn't worry any more," he cried, radiantly. "I'm 'quainted with part of her, and I know I shall love her all over."

—*Annie Hamilton Donnell in Harper's Bazaar.*

The Winter Fire

A fire's a good companionable friend,
A comfortable friend, who meets your face
With welcome glad, and makes the poorest shed
As pleasant as a palace! Are you cold?
He warms you—weary? he refreshes you,
Are you in darkness? he wears a face that is
Familiar from your childhood. Are you poor?—
What matters it to him? He knows no difference
Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!
Where is the friend, that bears the name of man,
Will do as much for you?

—*Mary Howitt.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.—While the pastor of All Souls Church has been carrying its message to New Orleans, Montgomery and Auburn, Ala.; Atlanta, Ga., and at present writing, Knoxville, Tenn., his pulpit has been occupied as follows:

Morning: March 4.—Rev. C. A. Osborn, field secretary of the Congress of Religion. "Faith That Accomplishes." March 11.—P. P. Claxton, Professor University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn. March 18.—Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich. "This-World Values of the Spiritual Life." Evening: March 4.—Song service. March 11.—Prof. Charles R. Henderson. "Vistas and Tendencies of Philanthropy." March 18.—Prof. Charles Zeublin, of the University of Chicago. "Municipal Problems," an illustrated lecture.

Next Sunday morning Mrs. Raymond Robbins speaks on "The Social Price," and Prof. G. B. Foster in the evening on "The New World, the New Man, the New God."

On April 3d the Lincoln Centre Magazine and Book Dispensary announces a benefit concert by distinguished artists, with a chorus of fifty voices, to be given at Lincoln Centre on Tuesday, April 3, 1906, at 8:15 o'clock. Tickets, $1. Reception at 10 p. m.

Few of those whose tables are crowded with the books and magazines of the day realize the hunger for reading matter of the tens of thousands who live shut off from all this rich feast. It is in the effort to share this abundance with those who read that this benefit is given on behalf of the Magazine and Book Dispensary of Lincoln Centre.

The work grows in scope and importance year by year, and it is in order to meet in the increasing demand for books that the public is asked to assist in this entertainment.

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Foreign Notes

THE REFORMED CHURCH OF FRANCE.—Only one in very close touch with leaders in the present critical period of reconstruction for French Protestantism could give a just picture of the complicated and painful situation due to the conscientious differences between orthodox liberals and moderates face to face with the problems of self-preservation and adjustment to the new conditions imposed by the law of separation. An outsider can, for the most part, only read the French Protestant organs with a painful sense of helpless sympathy and regret at the way things seem going. The following extracts from a recent article by Paul Stapfer, honorary dean of the Faculty of Letters at Bordeaux, in *La Vie Nouvelle,* put some points so forcibly and well that a translation may be welcome to UNITY readers. *La Vie Nouvelle,* published at Montauban and Privas, seeks to maintain a neutral attitude between orthodox and liberals:

"No judgment is more rash than that which would estimate Christians according to the quantity or even the quality of their beliefs, for the connection between doctrine and life is slight or nonexistent. Let us see a little who are the men under suspicion. I know one, whom I may not name, a country pastor belonging originally to the synodal organization, but whom the suspicious and haughty response of the Orleans Synod to the hand so loyally extended by our liberal brothers of Montpelier has just compelled to resign as member of official synods. Far from carrying on his pastoral functions with the coldness and independence which would characterize an unbeliever treating the evangelical ministry as a mere means of making a living, he makes it a point to do more than his bare duty. He seeks to awaken souls by other means than the weekly preaching; he invites his parishioners to supplementary services of edification, now in the church, now at his home; Bible readings, prayer meetings, lectures. . . . But here are two names I can write, well known, an honor to French Protestantism: Charles Wagner, Wilfrid Monod. Imagine the astonishment of those Israelitish ladies who—as is widely known—are the more than half-converted friends and catechumens of Pastor Wagner, if some one should come to them and say that the herald of their salvation is a pseudo-christian, that his Christ is not the real Savior, that the *Friend* who consoled him in a great affliction and who offers to their souls a like consolation, is a doctor without authority or official titles! Wilfrid Monod, whose indefatigable devotion to the poor, the proletariat, the 'common people of Our Lord,' follows humbly and passionately the example of Jesus, is he then, in his 'Christian socialism,' less faithful to the Master than those members of a synod who pride themselves on their 'fidelity?'

* * *

"The liberal, by his *life* and by his *doctrine,* cannot be unworthy the name of *Christian.* Perhaps our opponents may admit this without too much unwillingness so far as the *life* is concerned, the humility prescribed by the religion they profess making it their duty to declare themselves the worst of sinners. But to the equal title of *doctrines*—orthodox and liberal—to claim the name of *Christian,* there is an obstinate resistance in the minds of some, and nothing seems less reasonable than this uncompromising attitude to the studious man whom history and philosophy have led to ponder and to understand the natural and necessary evolution of Protestantism.

"Liberalism and orthodoxy are the children, one as legitmate as the other, of the spirit of liberty and of faith which gave birth to the Reformation. They have followed their parallel, and, I might say, concurrent destiny, disputing with one another, and today the girl (if I may be allowed to personify orthodoxy as a timorous, prudent individual of the feminine gender) does not contest the right of the boy to existence, but does dispute his right of inheritance, and talks—in a more or less gentle tone—of showing him the door. She does not reflect that they are really twins, that they have received the same education, that they have advanced together, and that if the brother has gone a little faster, she owes to the masters she has had with him all the reasonable ideas she possesses. To drop metaphor, the orthodox may become (as facts prove) the enemy of the liberal; but he is not naturally so; he has the same origin, if not the same promotion; the liberal is his *alter ego,* in whom he ought to recognize and love his own image, for the liberal was formerly what the orthodox is today, and the liberal is today what the orthodox will be tomorrow. An orthodox is only a liberal a few seconds belated.

"The party of 'fidelity' persuades itself that at Orleans it 'kept intact the faith of the old Huguenots,' as one minister naively expressed it in the *Huguenot du Sud-Quest.* The illusion is a strange one for people of some cultivation. Ah! you have kept it intact! It would be interesting to have the opinion of Calvin on the subject. I believe he would pardon less all the treason of his would-be followers than the hostility of his adversaries, and that his apologist would have no better standing before him than the 'liberals' and the atheists.

* * *

"Orthodox and liberals, then, constitute one and the same church—the Re-

formed Church of France, founded in the sixteenth century. It contained in germ from the beginning all that has developed in it since. Liberalism is not a foreign element introduced by some external influence, like science or philosophy; it is the logical consequence of liberty in faith. There is no reason for separating into two or several churches that which historically and ideally made but one. Hence no one dares formally advocate schism; but not everybody desires union, and those who judge that it is neither possible nor desirable, have devised, to satisfy half its partisans, the ingenious compromise of a 'Federation of the Reformed Churches of France.' They say such a federation conforms to the spirit of Protestantism, while the external unity of the church is a Catholic idea.

* * *

"A *federation*, fundamentally and formally, would scarcely be more than the organization and avowal of schism. It would be, at the very least, a complicated mechanism, a delicate and artful combination which could please only the mind of a politician. It is the simple union of *the church*, not a federation of *churches*, that our democracy would demand with an almost unanimous voice if consulted through a popular referendum. Before federating it would be necessary for the divided sects to organize themselves, and the sort of jealous rivalry naturally created by their separation, might produce very unfortunate conflicts. I suspect that liberal Protestantism, of which it is not easy to produce statistics, makes great progress in our churches and perhaps already has a majority. Have our orthodox pastors considered this danger? What will become of them if by means of religious associations liberalism claims several of the church edifices which they alone have held? The intention is, they say, should another majority undo the work of the Synod at Orleans, to secede—taking with them the funds. Very well. This not very nice solution insures their future; but the future of the little church—new or old—that they will found separately? Material prosperity is what I shall fear most for Christianity; the day when it draws a premium for fidelity, for it is not the clients of rich financiers who make proselytes, but the barefooted and the starving.

* * *

"Union must be maintained so that Catholics on the one hand, who still hold to religion but not to their church, and doubters on the other who are homesick for faith may be attracted by a broad, conciliating Christianity, which they would turn from with contempt if they saw it rent by the sectarian spirit.

"Union must be preserved so that liberals and orthodox may give to the church and to the world an example of fraternity.

"Union must be preserved, you pastors of great cities to whom the wealthy orthodox have promised that you shall want for nothing—religious and financial unity must be preserved so that poor country pastors may not be obliged to abandon the evangelistic ministry and earn their living teaching your sons or driving the carriage that you take in bad weather.

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M. E. H.

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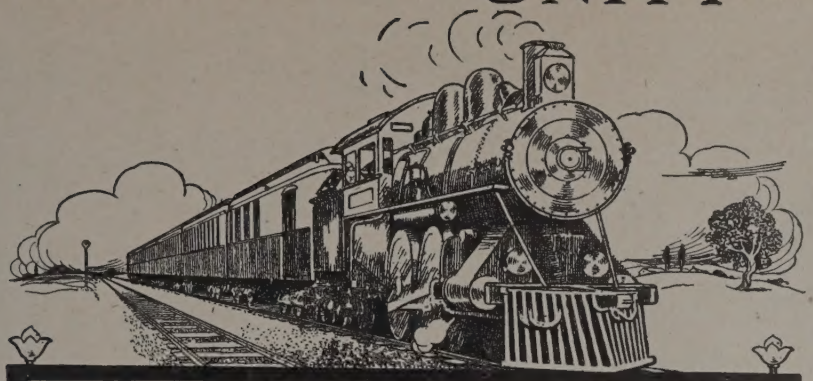

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